Lost Without You by kingsmanstories

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Language: English

Characters: Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington **Relationships:** Steve Harrington/Reader

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Summary:

Steve begs for the readers forgiveness after it didn't work out with Nancy Wheeler.

Lost Without You

It had been almost three whole weeks since Steve broke up with you to start seeing Nancy Wheeler. To say it broke your heart was an understatement, and you did everything in your possible power to avoid him at school, because it was just embarrassing.

Exactly three weeks to the day he had broken up with you, you sat in your brightly decorated bedroom feeling sorry for yourself, a tub of ice cream on your nightstand and listening to hopeless love songs on your Walkman.

A knock at your window pulled you out of your sorrows, and you cautiously rose from your comforter and tiptoed towards the window. There was a tree outside your window, and it was December so the twigs would be knocking on your window. It's jus a twig, you told yourself as you approached.

You almost jumped out of your skin when you pulled back the curtain to reveal a rather disheveled Steve with a bunch of roses in his hand. "Steve...What the hell are you doing here? Why aren't you with Nancy?" you spat, folding your arms across your chest, not yet letting him in.

"I'm lost without you, completely and utterly. Nancy isn't you, she never will be you. Please...Just give me another chance?" Steve begged, offering you a half-smile and held the bunch of roses out in your direction. He wasn't in the best of shapes after encountering the demogorgon at the Byers' household. His hair wasn't as perfect as usual, he had cuts and bruises all over, and just looked extremely worse for wear.

Thinking for a moment, you paused. Your stomach felt like a billion butterflies were flying around, and you eyed the roses, before looking down at Steve. You sighed, nodding and returning the weak smile. "Fine, one more chance, Harrington." you said, taking the roses and opening your bedroom window wider and gestured for him to come through. "First things first, you gotta explain how you got yourself in that state."

"Babe, you're in for a long night."